

LIVE OAK DAILY DEMOCRAT

PUBLISHED EVERY AFTERNOON
EXCEPT SUNDAY.

J. F. SHERWOOD, Editor and Mgr.

THE LIVE OAK PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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THE DAILY DEMOCRAT will be mailed to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, for \$5.00 per year; \$2.50 for six months; \$1.25 for three months, or 50 cents for five weeks, in advance. Delivered to any part of the city by carrier for 10 cents per week.

Pains across the small of the back indicate something wrong with the kidneys. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will quickly bring relief. A week's treatment for 25 cents. Act on the liver too. Sold by City Pharmacy.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

For Member of Congress, 2nd Congressional District:

FRANK CLARK, of Columbia.

For Justice of the Supreme Court:
CHAS. B. PARKHILL, of Escambia.
JAMES B. WHITFIELD, of Leon.

For Railroad Commissioner:
NEWTON A. BLITCH, of Levy.
R. HUDSON BURR, of Dade.

For Member House of Representatives:
W. R. DORMAN.
W. H. McCLELLAN.

For Tax Assessor:
A. D. HEMMING.

For Tax Collector:
J. N. MEEKS.

For County Treasurer:
G. B. LORD.

For Member of School Board:
M. A. ADAMS.
R. M. CARVER.
E. R. WISE.

For Member Board County Commissioners:
M. L. BURNETT.
J. C. DAVIS.
J. H. GRANT.
W. A. TISON.
J. J. DEMPSEY.

Up in Georgia the judges before whom vagrants are haled for trial, are taking the very sensible position that a man can't work one day in the week and loaf the rest of the time and escape the vagrancy law.

Live Oak is to be congratulated on the certainty of soon having a large cotton warehouse. Such a building will be a splendid investment for the city and of great value to the business interests of that prosperous town.—St. Augustine Record.

Red-hot journalism now between the Bradentown Herald and the Manatee Record. Brethren, be kam, be kam! Militant journalism still survives, conquering and to conquer, but the muscular variety has passed into eternal and innocuous desuetude.

Jacksonville refuses to lift her quarantine against dogs for the present, moved thereto by the fact that six persons in that city were bitten by a puppy three months old last Saturday, and an examination of the animal's brain showed it to be full of hydrophobia germs. The people bitten have all gone to Atlanta for treatment in the Pasteur Institute.

"The world is too much governed," says the familiar adage. But it isn't true. It is true, however, that there are too many laws. But the city council in Jacksonville seems to have doubts on this subject, for it is now considering a bill to compel washerwomen to pay a license and wear a numbered badge. In these days of lawlessness and crime and notoriously ineffective enforcement of the laws we have, it seems that there is bigger game for the law to go after than the lowly washerwoman and her "blin' of clothes."

"Things in a business way are moving at Live Oak," says the Jacksonville Metropolis in noting two or three large business transactions in this city recently, heretofore published in the Democrat. And things in a business way are always moving in Live Oak. Our folks have the habit of doing things. They don't do much talking about them nor seek for spectacular effect, but they do keep things moving. To put it in a nutshell, there is the maximum of performance for the minimum of hot air.

A SWEET AND SOBER SATURDAY

Last Saturday was one of the most remarkable days in all the history of our neighboring city of Madison from which the saloons were voted out by the recent election. The Madison New Enterprise gives such a graphic description of the day and its startling contrast with previous Saturdays that we reproduce it as a fine bit of work which deserves to travel as an eloquent missionary in behalf of sobriety and prohibition:

"The atmosphere of Madison last Saturday was remarkably clear and sweet in comparison with what had been the usual Saturday conditions in the town from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. To properly appreciate this one must understand that last Saturday was the first under the new regime of no saloons, and the first in many, many years of 'dryness' in Madison. The crowd was in town just the same as usual, but wonderful to relate, it was a strictly sober and therefore quiet crowd. No loud and boisterous laughter, no vile oaths reeking with the fumes of liquor, no ribald, coarse and vulgar language grated upon the ears of the sensitive, but all through the day our streets were pleasant enough for the most refined lady to walk them without fear of insult or shock to her sensibilities. And this, too, was the first Saturday, remember. 'But,' says the cynic, 'how about trade? Bet you there was no business in town.' Wrong, brother. Ask the merchants—as we have done, and they will tell you—even as they told us—that trade was fully up to the standard and better than usual for many. Oh, you calamity howlers, crawl into your little holes while you have the chance and don't wait until you are completely overwhelmed with the beneficent blessings of prohibition."

A VANISHING TYPE.

Bless the old-time printer, the "straight-matter man," who could do rough job work on the side and who "flashed his rule" in one print shop after another as he made his periodical circuit through the land and took what luck fortune sent him with undaunted cheerfulness and a rough-and-ready philosophy which never deserted him! He's getting scarce; the machines are crowding him out, and it is but a question of time when the last of his tribe will be seen, a pathetic figure—but game to the end—vanishing from sight under the relentless law of evolution constantly displacing the old with the new and taking no account of our personal feelings and interests during the ruthless process. He has been a mighty factor in the world's progress and civilization, and while, like all the rest of us, he is a son of Adam and a sinner, his shortcomings have been qualified by a grand utility which made itself felt for the betterment of mankind wherever printed matter reached. What a wealth of legend and tradition and varied lore and anecdote and genial reminiscences clusters about the old-time printer! And if he was one of the well-traveled kind, who had "stuck type" in many lands and latitudes, what a broad-minded philosopher he was; how charitable and tolerant, and how genuine his contempt for the petty provincial prejudices which would measure the great round world by the limitations of a country village! Bless the dear old "tourist," who rarely pressed the plush in the varnished cars, and before we see the last of him may some chronicler arise, richly endowed of Heaven for the work, to put into a book the story of his tribe and the tremendous blows he dealt for the good of man and the cause of God before the linotype, put him out of action. And we have been moved to say this much after reading the following little item from the Quincy Times, which may not have much meaning for those outside "the craft" and its allied trade, but is richly and touchingly suggestive to some of the rest of us:

"A little co-incident happened in our office last week. Our printer, Mr. Austin was copying an article from the Quincy Dispatch published here dated May, 1861, and strange, Mr. Austin who is now with us, set up this very same article in 1861, here in Quincy. How time flies, so Mr. Austin remarked."

The Pensacola Journal has been twitted by the Mobile Register as being the only paper in the South that accepts Bryan's government ownership policy with loyal enthusiasm. From the Journal's reply we take the

following which puts the case clearly and sensibly and shows that there is no need for all this hysterical clamor in Democratic ranks about the ruin of the party by Bryan's radicalism. The Democrat has said practically the same before, but the Journal says it better:

"So far as The Journal is concerned, we have never expressed the opinion that government ownership at this time would be a good thing or that it would be desirable. We have, however, more than once expressed the conviction that the growing arrogance, insolence, and contempt for public rights which the great railway corporations of the country frequently exhibit will ultimately result in government ownership, though that time is probably very remote. That, we take it, is also Mr. Bryan's position on the matter, but it is a position which can have no relation whatever to present policies or to present political alignments. We regret that the Register has joined the rest of those papers which have never been friendly to Mr. Bryan, in magnifying the importance of his expression of personal opinion on this question. True, it affords an excuse for opposition to those who were looking for an excuse, but it is a mighty poor excuse and one which the more thoughtful papers are inclined to ridicule."

Wanted A Little Rest.

An old Kansas citizen, who had been hen-pecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it her duty to offer him such consolation as she might, and said: "John, you are about to go, but I will follow you." "I suppose so, Manda," said the old man weakly, "but so far as I am concerned you don't need to be in any blamed hurry about it."—New York Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

By and by, when little Johnny had finished sobbing, he said: "Mama, you told a story."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" asked his mother.

"You said you was going to give me a good whipping," explained Johnny, "but I didn't see anything good about it."

"Mama, please give me some paregoric," said little Nellie.

"Why, Nellie, you surely haven't another pain, have you?" asked her mother.

"Not now, but I'm afraid I might have one tomorrow," said Nellie.

"I wonder what's the matter with my eye," said Tom. "It hurts every time I rub it."

"Then don't rub it," said his mother.

"But," said Tom, "how can I tell whether it hurts if I don't rub it?"

Mama—"Now, be a good little girl and stop crying."

Minnie (aged 3)—"Me won't stop cwyin' till papa hears me."

Mama—"But he can't hear you; he's in New York."

Minnie—"Den me'll dest have to cwy frou' ze telefome."

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES VIA LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

\$42.65—Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, Col., and return. Tickets on sale September 19th to 22nd; 1906, inclusive. Final return limit, leaving destination Oct. 15, 1906.

J. E. HERRING
Florida Passenger Agent.
Jacksonville, Fla.

COUNTERFEIT TOOLS CAPTURED.

Jacksonville, Ill., Sept. 6.—T. O. Graves found today in a vacant house on his farm a set of counterfeiting tools. Two dollar dies of 1890 and 1901 were found and two dollar pieces imperfectly molded, a dozen silver spoons and a quantity of babbit metal. The plaster of paris dies were of perfect mold, and had been made by an expert.

PICNIC PARTY.

A jolly picnic party consisting of Mrs. C. W. Bache, Mrs. Ella Sessions, Miss Florence Bache, Miss Hardin and Miss Sue Jones and Lester Scarborough are spending the day at Dowling Park today.

Mrs. W. H. Johnson, of Rocky Sink, who has been the guest of Mrs. J. R. Leslie this week, returned to her home today.

W. D. Wheeler, of Gainesville, is in the city today, a guest of James and Willie Dowling.

VISIT THE POPULAR HEALTH AND MINERAL SPRINGS.

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Mineral Springs, Hotel and

HOT AND COLD BATHS UNRIVALLED. GOOD TABLE. WATER IN EVERY ROOM. BOWLING ALLEYS. BILLIARD ROOM. PHONE CONNECTIONS. WELL EQUIPPED STABLES. BATHS.

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Rates, \$2.50 and Upward. Rooms and Bath \$3.00 and Up.

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TWICE AS MANY Good Reasons AS You Expected

when the baby first came why you should watch the "little ailments." Little things grow to big things in the baby's life. All babies are little and big, can be averted by keeping it in perfect health.

It keeps the stomach and bowels right. Takes all the way from teething time. Makes LEAN babies fat and babies well. Pleasant to take. Good for delicate and sick stomachs. 25 cents and 50 cents bottle at your druggist.

DR. MCGEE'S BABY SALAD.

LIVE OAK DRUG COMPANY

THE PARK SHOW.

It would be hard to imagine a more enthusiastic audience than that which witnessed the performance of "The Ku Klux" last night, when the Park Company once more demonstrated its ability to please; in fact Mr Park has never brought us a better company of actors than the present one.

Tonight, as a distinct departure from the line of plays already produced, they will play "The Runaway Match," a three-act farce comedy, with a most original plot, full of novel situations and witty lines. It is said not to be an old play with a new name, and the management guarantees three laughs per minute from the rise to fall of the curtain.

Matinee, Saturday at 2:30 p. m. "Dora Thorne," a love story, especially suited to lady audiences.

SOME NEWS THAT IS OLD BUT STILL HAS INTEREST.

Mr. A. D. Hemming has handed us a very interesting document, in the shape of a copy of the "Florida Republican," published in Jacksonville in 1854. This particular copy is an "Extra" issued on account of the fire of that year and is dated April 6th, 1854. It has the entire page covered with an account of the fire. It begins with giving the cause of the fire, which was caused by a spark from the Charleston steamer "Florida," falling in a hay warehouse. From this the fire rapidly spread and in four hours the town was in ruins. In an account of the losses it says: "By this fire seventy buildings are entirely destroyed." Among the names of the business firms sustaining losses are some who have later become identified with Florida history. It speaks of the firm of T. Hartridge, T. McMillan, T. G. Myers, A. C. Acosta, Geo. W. Call, G. W. Hawkins, Joseph Finnegan and McIntosh.

The "Extra" also notes that the office of the Republican was almost entirely destroyed by fire, the forms of their paper which was going to press being melted together, compelling them to buy a new outfit of type and presses.

Among the few injured from fighting the flames are the names of J. C. Hemming and Andres Canova. Mr. Hemming was the father of Tax Assessor A. D. Hemming, of this city.

"Uncle Dan" Tedder gives us some reminiscences in regard to Jacksonville at this time as he was there

SEABOARD CARS BURNED.

This morning when the freight trains of the Seaboard Line was switching at several of the freight yards some were almost entirely destroyed across the tracks presented the appearance of a charred skeleton.

Mrs. Allen Armstrong, Eugene, who have taken Ocala and Jacksonville, for just tonight, are visiting here. They will be at home by Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Bishop, of Ocala, and her guest for several days.

G. Fortson, of Jacksonville, who is attending the funeral of a friend, is in the city.

J. C. Fletcher and Mr. Corn Sperring, of Jacksonville, are in the city at this time as he was there